

THE CASTAWAYS

13

jot to haul the sheet taut to save all the
wind which
s rising.¹⁵

" But where will it take us ? "

" Wherever it likes," the boatswain
answered;

' ' all I want it to do is to blow us out of
these cursed
waters !"

Twenty minutes went by. The breath
of wind,
which at first t was almost
imperceptible, grew
stronger. The rippling aft became
louder. The
boat made a few rougher motions, not
caused by the
slow, nauseating swell. Folds of the
sail spread
Dut? fell flat, and opened again, and the
sheet sagged
against its cleats. The wind was not
strong enough
yet to fill the heavy canvas of the
foresail and the
jib. Patience was needed, while the
boat's head
was kept to her course as well as might
be by means
of one of the sculls.

A quarter of an hour later, progress
was marked
by a light wake.

Just at this moment one of the
passengers who
had been lying in the bows got up and
looked at the
rift in the clouds to the eastward.

" Is it a breeze ? " he asked.

" Yes," John Block answered. " I think
we have
got it this time, like a bird in the hand
—and we
won't let go of it! "

The wind was beginning to
spread .steadily
now through the rift, through which,
too, the first
gleams of light must come* From
somth-eaet t<?